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IN PURSUIT OF GAME.

'Twas the fall of the year, and the woods were sere;
The dead leaves rustled o'er hill and hollow;
And the birds were taking their southward flight,
And calling their feathery mates to follow,
I saw the meadow-lark flying low,
I heard the rustle of quail and pheasant,
And said to the maid my heart held dear:
"There's plenty of game around at present."

I was given to sport of another sort,
And had little skill with a gun or rifle,
And to tell the truth, was a modest youth,
With dangerous weapons not wont to trifle;
And I asked her when was the proper time
To go for ducks, or for quail and pheasant,
And she said with a pout, as if quite put out:
"For bagging game there's no time like the present."

A hint that she did not chance to see
I took from the maid I had long been wooing,
And I said in her ear: "I am fond of deer,
And other game isn't worth pursuing,
So tell me the time that will bring me luck"
She answered me with a smile most pleasant:
"For the capture of either deer or duck,
You'll find, I think, no time like the present."

I spanned her waist with my arm in haste,
And kissed her lips in a fervent fashion,
And then and there, in the crisp clear air,
In words that were few, declared my passion;
And as blushes dyed her cheeks, she sighed,
And said, with a frown that was evanescent:
"You might have chosen some other time;"
I answered: "There's no time like the present."

—*Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.*

SOME PARODOXES.

Propositions or Queries of a Puzzling Character.

There exists, floating about the world in a verbal form, and occasionally even appearing in print, a certain class of Propositions or Queries, of which the object is to puzzle the wits of the unwary listener, or to beguile him into giving an absurd reply. Many of these are very old, and some are excellent. Instances will readily occur. Who, for example, has not, at some period of his existence, been asked the following question: "If a goose weighs ten pounds and half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose?" And who has not been tempted to reply on the instant, fifteen pounds?—the correct answer being, of course, twenty pounds. Indeed, it is astonishing what a very simple query will sometimes catch a wise man napping. Even the following have been known to succeed:

"How many days would it take to cut up a piece of cloth fifty yards long, one yard being cut off every day?"

Or again:

"A snail climbing up a post twenty feet high, ascends five feet every day and slips down four feet every night. How long will the snail take to reach the top of the post?"

Or again:

"A wise man having a window one yard high and one yard wide, and requiring more light, enlarged his window to twice its former size; yet the window was still only one yard high and one yard wide. How was this done?"

This is a catch question in geometry, as the preceding were catch questions in arithmetic—the window being diamond-shaped at first, and afterwards made square. As to the two former, perhaps it is scarcely necessary seriously to point out that the answer to the first is *not* fifty days, but forty-nine; and to the second *not* twenty days, but sixteen—since the snail who gains one foot each day for fifteen days, climbs on the sixteenth day to the top of the pole, and there remains.

Such examples are plentiful, and occasionally both curious and amusing. But the purpose of the following paper is to illustrate a class of problems of rather a different kind. There are certain problems which are in no way catch questions (any problem involving a mere verbal quibble is of course out of court by its own innate vileness), and which, though at first sight extremely simple, often require considerable ingenuity to arrive at a correct result. Take for example the following:

"A man walks round a pole, on the top of which is a monkey. As the man moves, the monkey turns round on the top of the pole so as still to keep face to face with the man. Query: When the man has gone round the pole, has he, or has he not, gone round the monkey?"

The answer which will occur at first sight to most persons is that the man has *not* gone round the monkey, since he has never been behind it. The correct answer, however, as decided by *Knowledge*, in the pages of which this momentous question has been argued, is that the man *has* gone round the monkey in going round the pole.

The following has not, so far as the writer is aware, hitherto appeared in print: "A train standing on an incline is *just* kept stationary by an engine which is not sufficiently powerful to draw it up the incline. A second engine, of the same power as the first, is then brought up to assist by pushing the train from behind, and the two engines together take the train up the incline. Suppose the carriages to be linked together by loose chains, so that when the engine in front is acting the chains are stretched and the buffers between the carriages are separated, then, when the train is moving under the action of two engines, the buffers must be either together or apart. *Which are they?* If they are apart, the engine behind the train is evidently doing no work. If they are together, then the engine in front is doing none. But neither engine alone can move the train. Why, then, does the train move?"

The following was once asked at a university wine-party by a now well-known senior wrangler: "Suppose three snakes, each of which is swallowing another by the tail, so that the three form a circle—then, as the swallowing process continues, the circle evidently grows smaller and smaller. Now, if they thus continue to swallow each other, *what will eventually become of the snakes?*"

Of course, it is clear that either the swallowing process must stop somewhere, or that the snakes will vanish down each others's throats. *At what point*, then, will the swallowing cease? If the reader finds himself ready on the spot with a clear and precise answer to this question he will have proved himself of a readier wit than the guest of the above-mentioned wine-party. A little consideration, however, will probably be sufficient to clear up the mystery, and, like the preceding enigma of the railway, the problem may safely be left to the examination of the ingenious.

"Which, of any given moment, is moving forward fastest, the top of a coach-wheel or the bottom?" To this apparently very simple question nine persons out of ten, asked at random, will give an incorrect reply. For at first sight it appears evident that both the top and bottom of the wheel must of necessity be moving forward at the same rate, namely, the speed at which the carriage is traveling. But a little thought will show that this is far from being the case. A point on the bottom of the wheel is, in fact, by the direction of its motion round the axis, moving backward, in an opposite direction to that in which the carriage is progressing, and is consequently stationary in space; while a point on the top of the wheel is moving forward, with the double velocity of its own motion round the axis and the speed at which the carriage moves.

The following paradox, which has given rise to much discussion, is somewhat akin to the preceding: "How can a ship sail faster than the wind?"

Every yachtsman knows that a ship *can* sail faster than the wind; that is to say, if the wind is blowing ten knots an hour, a ship may be making twelve or fifteen knots an hour. Now, it is obvious that if the ship is sailing straight before the wind it can not, at the utmost, travel faster than the wind itself is blowing—as a matter of fact, it will travel much more slowly. If, on the other hand, the ship is sailing at an angle with the wind, it seems at first sight that the wind must act with less effect than before, and the ship in consequence sail more slowly still. But, as a matter of fact, the ship not only sails more quickly than before, but more quickly than the wind itself is blowing. This is a paradox which few, even of those who are well acquainted by experience with the fact, have found themselves able to explain.

Let us consider the difficulty in the light of the following experiment: Place a ball at one side of a billiard table, and with the long cue held lengthwise, from end to end of the table, push the ball across the cloth. The cue here represents the wind, and the ball the ship sailing directly before it; only as there is here no waste of energy, which in the case of the wind and ship is very great, the ball, of course, travels at the same rate as the cue—evidently it can not possibly travel faster. Now, suppose a groove to be cut diagonally across the table, from one corner pocket to the other, in which the ball may roll. If the ball be now placed at one end of the groove, and the cue held horizontally and moved forward as before, the ball will travel along the groove (and along the cue) in the same time as the cue takes to move across the table. This is the case of the ship sailing at an angle with the direction of the wind. The groove is considerably longer than the width of the table, more than double as long, in fact. The ball, therefore, travels much faster than the cue which impels it, since it covers more than double the distance in the same time. It is in precisely the same manner that a tacking ship is enabled to sail faster than the wind.

The foregoing mysteries of motion bring to mind the famous paradox of Zeno, by which he sought to prove that all motion is impossible. "A body," thus argues the ingenious philosopher, "must move either in the place where it is, or in the place where it is not. Now, a body in the place where it *is* is stationary, and can not be in motion; nor, obviously, can it be in motion in the place where it is not. Therefore, it can not move at all." It was of this paradox it was said, solvitur ambulando—"It is solved by walking." A more practical solution could hardly be required.

Another paradox familiar to the Greeks—that of Achilles and the tortoise—is well known. Achilles (the swift-footed) allows the tortoise a hundred yards start, and runs ten yards while the tortoise runs one. Now, when Achilles has run a hundred yards the tortoise has run ten yards, and is, therefore, still that distance ahead. When Achilles has run these ten yards, the tortoise has run one yard. When Achilles has run the one yard; the tortoise has run one-tenth of a yard. And when Achilles has run the one-tenth of a yard the tortoise has run one-hundredth. It is only necessary to continue the same process of reasoning to prove that Achilles can never overtake the tortoise.

A much better paradox, though somewhat of the same kind, runs as follows: "A man, who owes a shilling, proceeds to pay it at the rate of sixpence the first day, threepence the next day, three-halfpence the next, three farthings the next, and so on—paying each day half the amount he paid the day before. Supposing him to be furnished with counters of small value, so as to be able readily to pay fractions of a penny, how long would it take him to pay the shilling?" The answer is, that he would *never* pay it. It is true that he will pay elevenpence-farthing in four days. But the remaining three farthings he can never pay.

This paradox varies from the preceding in one important particular, and deserves to be called a better paradox for this reason, that we know that Achilles, in spite of all reasoning, *will* certainly overtake the tortoise. But it is mathematically demonstrable that the debtor, under such circumstances, can never pay his shilling, even though he should be endued, like Tithonus, with the gift of immortality.

The following is a really excellent paradox: "A train starts daily from San Francisco to New York, and one daily from New York to San Francisco, the journey lasting seven days. How many trains will a traveler meet in journeying from San Francisco to New York?"

It appears obvious at the first glance that the traveler must meet seven trains, and this is the answer which will be given by nine people out of ten to whom the question is new. The fact is overlooked that every day during the journey a fresh train is starting from the other end, while there are seven on the way to begin with. The traveler will therefore meet not seven trains, but fourteen.

The following proposition is both curious in itself, and admits of some interesting variations in the application of the principle on which it depends: "If there are more people in the world than any one person has hairs upon his head, then there must exist at least two persons who possess identically the same number of hairs, to a hair."

If the reader fails to perceive at once the necessity of this conclusion, let him first consider, as a simpler case, instead of the hairs on a man's head, the number of teeth in his jaw. Let him suppose thirty-four persons to be assembled in one room; then the full number of teeth in a man's jaw being thirty-two, it is easily seen that—even supposing one member of the party so unfortunate as to have no teeth at all—there must be at least two persons present possessed of identically the same number of teeth. The application of this example to the proposition in question is quite evident. It is, in fact, merely a matter of larger numbers.

Now, to apply this principle to other cases. It has been asserted, for example, that in a field of grass there can not be found two blades in all respects identical. It will be seen, however, that if the blades of grass are more numerous than the differences between them perceptible to the eye, then there must be at least two blades exactly alike, or at least not to be distinguished from each other by inspection.—*Temple Bar.*

THE GREEDY BOERS.

Some of the Discouraging Results of the Transvaal Rebellion.

Some think that they are excellent pioneers in a new country. They advance into native territories, killing the people by thousands, enslaving women and children, robbing them of all their lands and cattle, and occupying their country, with no ulterior benefit to themselves or others, but merely as a field for further cruelties and spoliation of native races, so that the country may be cleared of them, but not for civilization or improving the country, because they leave a dark spot wherever they settle from the ruthless cruelties they perpetrate upon unoffending and innocent people. Are they, then, good pioneers? All the sophistry in the world can not make it right. To murder, enslave and rob innocent human beings living on their own lands, who have done no harm, and have as much right to live and enjoy their own as any other people, black or white, that they should be so ruthlessly treated by men who profess Christianity and to be a God-fearing people is an anomaly, and can not be tolerated by a just and upright people like the British Nation. * * * The English people have hitherto been looked upon as friends and protectors (of the natives), and as one of them I felt proud of my country. But since the Transvaal rebellion and its retrocession, an Englishman is ashamed to travel in the country, to be subject to the taunts of the chiefs and people at the boasted honor of England.—*Twenty-five Years in a Wagon, by Andrew A. Anderson.*

A First-Class Agent.

St. Paul Citizen—So you are an Indian agent?

Indian Agent—Yes, sir.

"Hard to get along with them, ain't it?"

"O, no; not if you know how to handle them."

"You don't give them whisky, I suppose?"

"Not a drop. I do all the drinking on the reservation."—*St. Paul Globe.*

—Fill your life so full of helpful thoughts and deeds for others that there will be no room left for selfish or sinful thoughts or deeds of any kind. Serve faithfully your country and the people with whom you live, help your brother, and remember he is most your brother who most needs your help, and that in helping others you are best helping yourself.—*St. Andrew Cross.*

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

How It Was Entered by Caliph Al Mamoun and His Saracen Followers.

Though mercilessly hacked and quarried and dilapidated, the mouth of the entrance-passage gives one a most impressive example of the stupendous construction plan of the whole grand pile. It held its secret within its great throat for many a long thousand years, until A. D. 820, when Caliph Al Mamoun discovered it in a most unexpected manner. The distinguished Arab of Fostat, the son of Haroun Al Raschid of the "Arabian Nights," with inquiring mind, made a journey to Gizeh and proceeded to effect an entrance into the Great Pyramid, wherein, he had been led to believe, great treasures were to be found. A large staff of quarrymen was engaged for the work. At which side to make the attack, and at what point, was a puzzle. A trifling hint caused the north face to be chosen, near the base and at the center. Two blunders were made at the beginning. The forced entrance was started 300 inches below the proper one, and 250 inches west of it. Night and day, week after week, for months, the labor of tunneling went on, until quite one hundred feet of the antique masonry had been broken up and brought to the light. One day, as some of them wrought despairingly at the inner end of their excavation, they heard a strange noise beyond them, which resembled the falling of a great stone in a hollow space. Hammers, fire and vinegar were employed with renewed vigor again and again until a walled surface yielding to their efforts, the way opened to a low, narrow, descending passage. Leaping into the dark avenue with lighted torch, they discovered at once the fallen stone which had led them on. It had dropped from the roof to the floor, and revealed the fact that there was just beyond it another passage, following southward like the other, ascending instead of descending; but alas! it was closed by a series of huge granite plugs, placed there by the builder for the very purpose of heading off such enterprises as that of the adventurous Caliph.

Nothing daunted, however, the plucky Saracens broke a side passage through the western wall of limestone, cut a huge chasm upward, and made a junction with the wall of the ascending passage where the granite did not oppose. They cut through the limestone wall with comparative ease, but as fast as they removed the pieces of the well-formed blocks others came down from above and continued to bar their advance. Finally the last one made its appearance. Like its predecessors, it was broken and removed, and the passage was clear. With lighted flambeaux the eager Arabs ascended, first on hands and knees, and then, after reaching the Grand Gallery, hastened, with might and main, upward and onward into the very heart of the mountain of stone.

Visions of wealth grew before them—there where a ray of sunshine never gave a ray of hope—until they came to the end of the passage. Then a step at the left, three feet high, arrested their attention. Climbing to its top, a low doorway was found, with a splendidly quarried granite portcullis hanging over it. Passing under this on hands and knees, they crept into a small ante-chamber; through this to another low doorway leading into a further low passage, which again caused them, nonplussed, to bend. Thus they were led into the large apartment known as the King's chamber. There, on the west side, stood the hard gained stone "treasure-box!" It seemed too good to be true. It was without a cover to protect its expected contents, and it was—entirely empty!

Caliph Al Mamoun was dumfounded, and his workmen were about to murder him. But he was a commander of the faithful and understood human nature. During the night he caused to be hidden near the empty coffer a sufficient store of gold to pay the men. The next day, being bidden to dig again, they found the gold and received their wages. As for the Caliph, he returned to Fostat, wiser as to the clear-headedness of the Egyptians who preceded him some thousands of years, but no better in purse.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

—A fight between about 100 crows and perhaps 200 or 300 English sparrows was witnessed at Cumminsville, O., just before sundown, a few days ago. The crows were returning to their rookery from feeding, when they were attacked by the sparrows. Four or five of the latter would get after one crow and pick it so badly as to almost disable it. In fact, three or four fell to the ground, being so badly injured as to be unable to fly. The fight resulted in the complete rout of the crows. One of them picked up was found to have had both its eyes literally picked out.

—"How many birthdays do you think I have had?" one person was heard to say to another in the horse car. "O, about forty-seven," hazarded the person addressed. "Only one birthday. The rest have been anniversaries," was the explanation, and the car suddenly stopped.—*Hartford News.*

—Some public lecturers on subjects relating to the higher lore charge an exorbitant price; but, when they can't get it, they generally consent to take a lower hire.

PITH AND POINT.

—Getting up with the sun is a common practice where there is a teething boy baby in the family.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Blame is always safe, for nothing in the way of human thought or conception ever was or ever can be perfect.—*Julian Hawthorne.*

—A Western traveling chiropodist recently placarded a Western Kansas town with the announcement: "See the corncuring hero comes."

—Humility in man consists not in denying any gift that is in him, but a just valuation of it; rather thinking too meanly than too highly.—*Ray.*

—The young man who would waste time kissing a girl's hand would eat the brown paper bag and leave the hot-house grapes for some one else.—*Somerville Journal.*

—A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope.*

—Caleb Whiteford, the noted punster, seeing a lady earnestly knotting some fringe, asked what she was doing. "Knotting, sir," she replied, and asked him: "Can you knot?" "I can not," he answered.

—"Have a smoke, Simson?" said his friend, as he passed out a fragrant Havana. "No, thank you, I've sworn off." "Well, put one in your pocket to smoke to-morrow."—*Hartford Evening Post.*

—It was a shrewd maxim of Wesley not to be positive in things of doubt and uncertainty. "When I was a young man," said he, "I was sure of every thing, but in a few years, finding myself mistaken in a thousand instances, I became not half so sure of most things as before."

—"Did she have a rawhide when she assaulted you?" asked his Honor of a meek gentleman, who accused his wife with assault with intent to kill. "No, your Honor," said the poor man, feeling of himself tenderly, "I'm the one that had the raw hide; in fact, your Honor, I have it still."—*Buffalo Courier.*

SINGULAR CURRENCY.

Curious Money Used by the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.

Mr. Walter Coote has described some curious moneys of the New Hebrides and the Solomon Islands. On one of the islands he noticed a neatly-kept house, which he was told was the money house. Entering it, he found a number of maps hanging from the roof, beneath which a fire was constantly kept up, under the effect of which they become covered with a black, glistening coating and adorned with festoons of soot. It was a man's business to keep the fire always burning, and so low as not to scorch the maps. A well-covered map is worth about as much as a well-grown, vigorous boar. This is the strangest of all kinds of money, for it must never be taken from the money house, even when the title of it is transferred from one owner to another. The inhabitants of Santa Cruz Island use for money, rope-ends, about an inch thick, and ornamented with scarlet feathers, which are worn about the waist. The traveler could not obtain new coins of this kind, but found them current everywhere. The specimens he bought were already old, and the feathers grown dingy. The money of the Solomon islands consists of neatly-worked pieces of shell of about the size of our shirt-buttons. They are strung on strings about four yards long, and are distinguished under the names of red and white money. Dog-teeth are of higher value, and comparable to our gold coins. They are usually worn on a string around the neck. Mr. Coote saw a necklace of this kind that was valued at about one hundred dollars. Marble rings are also worn for ornaments, and as valuable money.—*Prairie Farmer.*

KALEIDOSCOPE-MAKING.

Deft Young Women Turn Out Six Gross a Day in One Shop.

"How do we make kaleidoscopes? Come this way and I will show you."

The speaker, a thin-faced German, long engaged in manufacturing kaleidoscopes, led the way into a small store. At a work bench extending the entire length of the shop many girls were busy.

"The first young woman," said the manufacturer, "wraps the black paper about the glass reflectors that produce the optical illusion. These strips of glass, when thus arranged and fastened together, form the body of the kaleidoscope. The next girl simply inserts the united reflectors into the pasteboard cover and then passes the octagonal pasteboard tube to her neighbor. Number three adjusts the brass ring which secures the glass discs in the end. Between the discs, or plates, are placed the scraps of colored glass, the beads and various trinkets which tumble about as the kaleidoscope is revolved, and when reflected by the mirrors form themselves into ever-shifting mathematical figures. The other young women are armed with hammers to break the colored glass into fragments. We obtain the colored glass from the waste scraps purchased very cheaply of stained-glass manufactories. The kaleidoscopes retail at seventy-five cents each. We can make six gross a day of this kind, and about twenty gross of the five-cent kind. The finest factory is in Providence, R. I. Carpet designers get many of their patterns from the kaleidoscope."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

TO MY DOLLY.

How can you lie so quiet there?
With eyes wide open, too,
With pinkest cheeks and smoothest hair,
All in your cradle new;
And never even smile at me,
Or do a single thing,
And I as glad as glad can be—
Oh! sing, my dolly, sing!

The richest baby in the town
Has not a grander bed,
Or pillow made of softer down,
To lie beneath its head;
No kinder mamma rocks her pet
With such a gentle swing,
And never once is heard to fret—
Then sing, my dolly, sing!

I guess you're weary lying there,
So I will dress, you, Miss,
And curl your pretty flaxen hair;
Now up, and kiss, and kiss!
Your tiny shoes, your skirt of lace,
Your satin hat I'll bring,
Your lovely blue-silk sash and dress—
Oh! sing, my dolly, sing!

Was ever such a lady seen?
And all my very own;
You're really fit to be a queen,
And sit upon a throne!
Oh! dolly, I'm so glad to-night,
Your arms around me fling,
And hug me just the leastest mite,
And sing, my dolly, sing!

—*M. A. Maitland, in Christian at Work.*

ERNEST'S PUNISHMENT.

But It Seemed to Furnish Him Lots of "Splendid" Fun.

Ernest and Elsie were spending the summer at Grandpa Darling's, in the country.

Such a lovely old place as it was, and such a dear, kind grandpa and grandma could not be found anywhere else in the wide world—the children thought.

"I just wish all the world was in the country, and all the year was vacation, and all the people were grandpas and grandmas," cried Ernest, one day, to his little sister.

The days seemed so very short, and there was so much to do and see, that they agreed to get up earlier in the morning. So they appeared in the kitchen, one morning, before the sun had got very far on his day's journey.

"Well! well!" said grandpa, "what are these children up at this time of day for, I wonder?"

"'Cause we can't spend the time sleeping here," said Elsie, "we can make it up when we go home."

Then they ran out to see 'Lijah, the hired man, strain the foaming pails of milk into the big, green creamer, and, as usual, he filled their own mugs with the sweet, warm milk. Then Grover and Rebecca, the cats, were fed; and the hens and chickens were given their measure of corn.

Such rare pleasure was this to the city children, they could hardly stop to eat the nice breakfast grandma had prepared. But it was almost as hard to stop eating, every thing tasted so good.

After prayers, grandpa told 'Lijah to harness Tom, as he must go to the village.

"Do you s'pose he'll take us?" asked Ernest, in a whispor, as he stood with Elsie watching grandpa packing eggs in a big basket.

"May be he won't think of it," whispered back Elsie, "and mamma said we mustn't tease; but I do hope he will."

"Ten dozen," said grandpa, looking up, presently. "I shall have to take them to my customers, and if I only had some one to hold the horse for me, it would save me a sight of trouble."

"O grandpa! Let us go—please do. I could hold Tom," cried Ernest.

"So you can," said grandpa. "Get your hats, and jump in."

It was such fun to ride on the "buckboard," over the smooth roads, behind such a strong, handsome horse. When they reached the long hill, before they got to the village, Ernest drove, and then his happiness was complete.

"Stop here," said grandpa, when they came to a pretty cottage, "I've got to leave some eggs here, and may be the doctor will talk quite a spell, he usually does, but Tom will stand if you leave the reins loose."

Grandpa had no sooner entered the house, than a naughty thought found its way into Ernest's heart.

"I don't believe grandpa will care if I just drive around the common," he said to Elsie. "Tom is so steady, it won't do any harm for me to drive him all myself."

"He might run away," said Elsie, "and grandpa said to leave the reins loose. I'm sure mamma wouldn't like you to do it." But Ernest had already taken up the reins, and the horse walked slowly off.

"How he pokes along," said Ernest. "I knew I could drive him. I believe I'll just touch him up a little with the whip, so he will trot going past the hotel."

"Oh, don't!" cried Elsie; "grandpa never strikes him."

But the warning came too late. At the touch of the whip the horse gave a spring and bounded away. Past the hotel, past the church; then down the river road until he came to the grist-mill, where he suddenly turned off on another road without slacking his speed. The children clung frantically to the seat, and though they were terribly frightened, they did not scream or speak, and Ernest still kept hold of the reins.

Their surprise and delight can hardly be imagined when suddenly the horse stopped and they found themselves at Grandpa Darling's door.

Grandma hurried out, with her cap-strings flying, to see what was the matter.

When grandma took them into her motherly arms they both began to cry for joy.

"'Twas all my fault, grandma," said Ernest, when he could speak. "I just wanted to show Elsie that I could drive as well as grandpa, but I thought we should both be killed and I could'nt ever tell him how sorry I was that I didn't mind him."

"Grandma kissed the little tear-stained faces, and called 'Lijah to drive the horse back for grandpa.

It seemed a very long time before they returned. Ernest's heart was very heavy as he sat under the lilac bushes with Elsie, eating bread and jam.

"I'm 'fraid grandpa will think I'm the baldest boy that ever was," he moaned, "and may be he'll send me home."

"May be he'll laugh and shake the same as 'Lijah did," said Elsie, trying to comfort him.

"Oh, dear, I most know he won't!" said Ernest, and at that moment they drove up to the door. Ernest thought his grandfather looked very stern. However, he hurried to confess as soon as grandpa got out of the wagon.

"I wish I'd minded you grandpa; I didn't know he'd run. I'm sorry, and I won't never do so any more," he stammered.

"Well, well," said grandpa, "I'm afraid I shall have to punish you, but we'll wait till after dinner. It's a good thing Tom knew the way home."

Ernest did not enjoy his dinner very much, though grandma piled his plate with fried chicken, and ever so many good things. He was thinking about the punishment and wishing it was over.

Grandpa told funny stories, and seemed to have forgotten all about it, but when he arose from the table he said: "Well, young man! we might as well have that punishment business settled. I've decided to have you work it out."

"How?" asked Ernest, faintly.

"You must bring in the eggs every day while you stay," said grandpa.

"Oh, oh!" cried Ernest, "I like to do that; it's just splendid!"

"And I'll give you a cent a dozen for all you'll bring in," said Grandma Darling.

"Can't I help, too?" asked Elsie.

"Why, you haven't got to be punished," said grandpa; but then, maybe it will do for some other time," and the old man laughed heartily.

Then the children hurried away, with merry shouts, to hunt for eggs. And it was such fun they never were tired of it. And grandma declared "the hens never laid so many eggs before."—*Julia D. Peck, in Youth's Companion.*

FOUR FOOLISH PERSONS.

A Little Boy, a Big Girl, a Little Girl and a Silly Farmer.

Once a little boy named Herbert sat down and cried on his birthday, because he was afraid he would not have a birthday present. And at that very moment a beautiful horse was going to him as fast as it could! It was of just the right size for a little boy, and it was said to be a very fast (rocking) horse, too; and Herbert was very fond of riding lively horses.

Once there was a big girl named Nancy. She liked to go to the Central Park, in New York, and look at the lions, tigers, panthers, and other savage animals; but one day, when she was at home, a pretty little four-footed creature, not nearly so big as her shoe, ran across the room, and Nancy jumped up on a chair and screamed. The little creature did not wish to harm her, and it ran and hid itself in a hole—but Nancy screamed, just the same, till some one came to see who was trying to kill her.

Once there was a little girl who had a lovely doll and a pretty live kitten. One day the pretty kitten lay down on the doll's lap and took a nap. This crushed the doll's fine new dress. Then the little girl was very angry at the kitten for doing this, and she would not give the poor kitten any supper. The kitten cried, but he did not know what he had done. He was only a kitten.

One day a foolish farmer started to take a bag of corn to the mill. As he had strong arms he held the bag so very tightly that he burst a big hole in one corner of the bag, and the corn began to spill out. It spilled out slowly all the way to the mill; but the man did not see it, and he was much puzzled. "My bag grows very light," he said—"and why do so many geese follow me? They cackle for me to give them some of my corn, but I can not spare any. Geese are the foolishest things I ever did see. Heigh-ho! It's a long way to the mill."—*St. Nicholas.*

Good Advice to Girls.

To one of his daughters at school Bishop McIlvaine gave the following counsel:

"Don't cultivate that sort of violent friendship which leads to a sort of confidential communication which can not be made known to your parents. Be very particular as to whom you allow to be familiar with you, as your near companions and friends. First, know well the person, before you allow a closer intimacy; and the moment you see any thing wrong in a companion, think what effect it should have on your intimacy. Learn to say 'No!' decisively, to any request or proposal which your judgment tells you is not right. It is a great thing in a child to learn to say 'No,' when it is right to do so. Make it a rule to hear nothing from any girl which you may not be allowed, and would no be willing, to tell your dear mother. Be careful to let nothing interfere with your regular private prayers and reading of the Scriptures; and labor to give your whole heart and life to God."